

Volume 1 Issue #2 Summer

FLIPSIDE

2010

STEVE REESE

The Go To Dude



AXXEL G. REESE

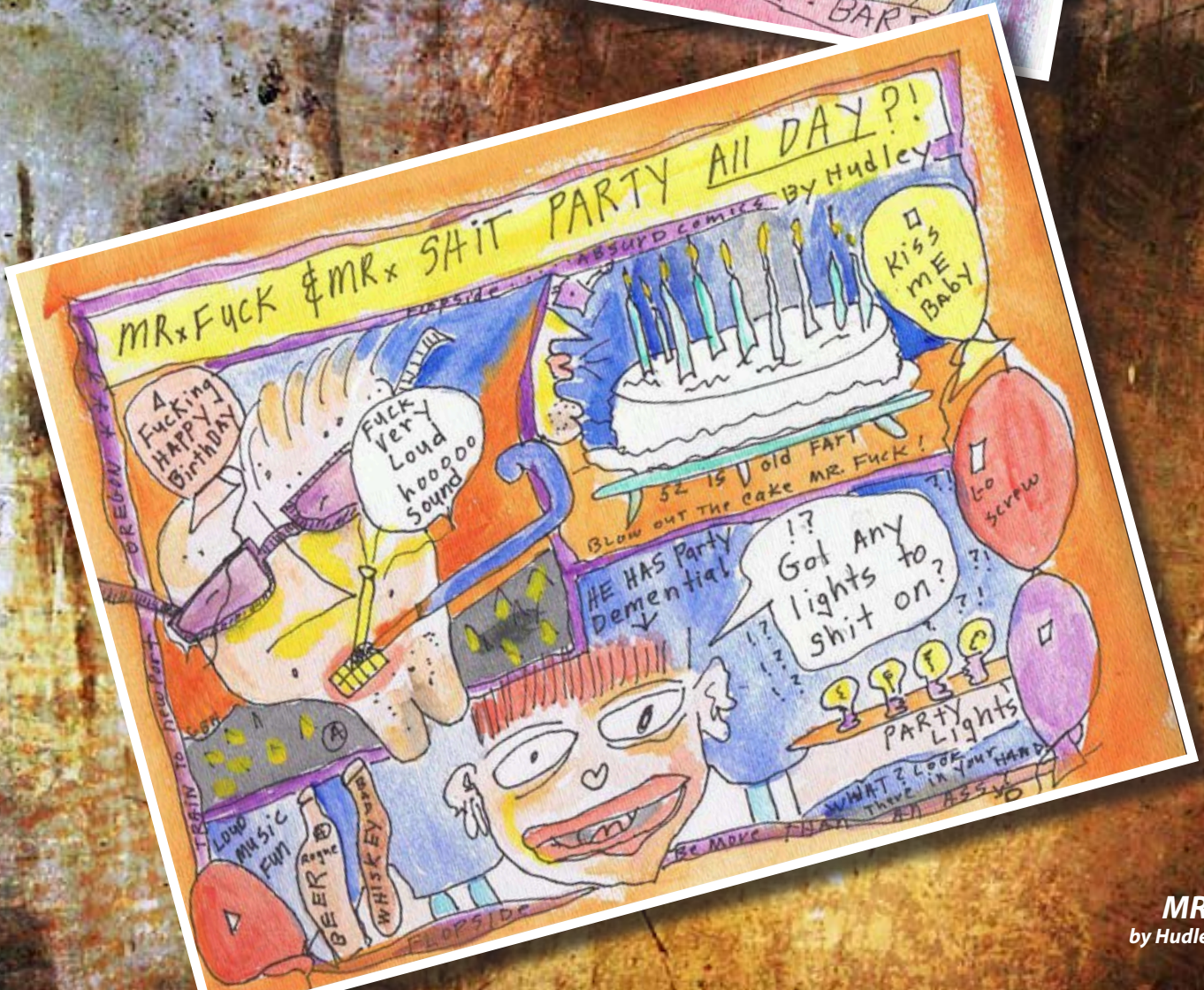
CORROSION OF CONFORMITY

MauMaus-TheStains-Legal Weapon - Symbol Six

Seminary of a PRaying Mantis: A punk Lullaby by Hudley

THE
DWARVES

www.Flipside2010.com





Be More Than A Witness

You've gotta – enrage them but engage them, Do anything but explain to them, Sedate them frustrate them, And do what you gotta do to survive..Just stay alive!"
Ballads~ GBH, Perfume and Piss.

This summer my oldest son has turned 18 and is graduating High School. As a parent I am very excited, yet as a creative mother I am a bit disturbed because now he is free from my clutches. Now that he is legally an adult, the possibilities are open and endless for him. It was at 18 that I myself stumbled into the punk scene. I remember 1977 as being the time of the serial killer. When William Bonin the freeway killer, Angelo Buono the Hillside Strangler, Lawrence B. Haker and Roy Norris and David Berkowitz the Son of Sam where in every newspaper. In every shadow there lurked someone ready to get ya. As a young woman driving at night I was terrified and excited at the same time. The fear & thrill of being alive in the face of the probability of becoming a victim seemed all too real to me. This fear & thrill moved with me into the punk scene and a few treads of this fright & buzz vibrate in me today. It seems to me that the single serial killer has transformed into mass corporate serial killers. No one is a virgin to their rape economically or environmentally. Globally they lurk now in every corner of the earth taking the thrill right out of the equation! The Flipside 2010 summer issue is an extension of these past and current





events. I am ecstatic by all those who have contributed to this issue, I say, "Thanks!" We all have our little scenes and nitches. It is great when they overlap...someone through a band or scene... merges with another. This issue has some insightful stories, shares some shrewd music, and reflects that magical symbiotic thing that happens between bands, fans and a fanzine. The motivation of a fanzine is to capture this. There is always a special time to go see a live show and have some fun, scream or sit in the dark corner and sulk ...who fucking cares. Take some of your power back ...time to face the serial killer again... take a chance!

~Hudley



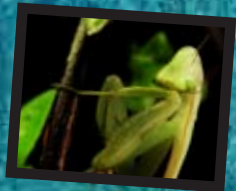
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A PUNK LULLABY



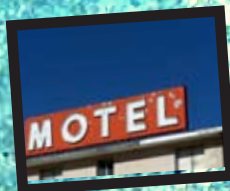
DWARVES
CRIME SCENE



MIKE WATT
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RhinoRecords
Pop-up Store



Cellophish
Holiday Inn



Motel 6 Blues
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Steve REED
the go to dude!

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COVER SHOT BY HUDLEY FLIPSIDE

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the interweb.

This thing is free. Pass it to your friends like the swine
flu. Don't accept no for an answer.

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MEMORIAL PAGE
ON FACEBOOK**

www.Flipside2010.com

JOIN THE FORUMS AND RANT!

"BC looked at me mid-song and
said, "Dude I'm Gonna hurl",
then he did!"
- Matt Irwin (drummer Million Kids)



I REMEMBER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTIES WHEN 'HARDCORE' FINALLY DIED... ALL OF THE GOOD BANDS EITHER BROKE UP OR STARTED TO SUCK... ONLY BLACK FLAG PUT OUT GOOD MUSIC TILL THE VERY END...

YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!



AND BY THAT I MEAN "IN MY HEAD", THEIR LAST STUDIO RECORDING. LIVE, THE BAND WERE KIND OF... UM... DONE.

EVEN MORE HILARIOUS WERE THEIR PROTEGES, CRIPPLED YOUTH. THEIR SEVEN INCH PRODUCED LOTS AND LOTS OF LAUGHS, ALTHOUGH NOT REALLY INTENDED!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SCENE IS LIKE... OR IF IT'S REALLY COOL... I JUST KNOW WHAT MY SCENE'S LIKE AND I THINK IT FUCKING RULES!!



WHO THE FUCK CARES

THEN AT THE START OF THE NINETIES, TWO THINGS HAD HAPPENED: ONE WAS THE 'GRUNGE' MOVEMENT. HOT ON IT'S HEELS WAS "THE YEAR THAT PUNK BROKE"... I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK THAT MEANS..

THE MAINSTREAM FINALLY ACKNOWLEDGED PUNK ROCK! IT'S A GODDAMN TRIUMPH!!



NIRVANA

"DON'T FORGET TO THANK 'MOSH PITS'!"

AND AROUND THAT TIME, THE BIG BAND WAS CRO-MAGS. THEY WERE PRETTY TOUGH BUT I THOUGHT THAT THEY WERE... KIND OF DUMB, JUST LIKE A LOT OF ALL THAT "NEW YORK HARDCORE" STUFF.

YO! WE'RE FROM DA STREETS!

YAWN.



PART OF MY DISMISSIVE AND SHITTY ATTITUDE WAS ROOTED IN THE FACT THAT THERE WAS TOO MUCH GREAT MUSIC COMING OUT THAT I COULD NOT DISCOUNT BECAUSE IT WASN'T 'HARDCORE'.

LOOK AT ALL OF THESE COOL NEW RECORDS!

WELL.. ARE THESE BANDS IN ANY WAY A THREAT TO THE POWER STRUCTURE OF OUR COUNTRY?



ALL I KNOW IS THE FLOODGATES OPENED UP FOR SOME REAL LAME ASS MUSIC THAT WORE THE COSTUMES OF "PUNK" AND BECAME COMMERCIALY VIABLE. OH WELL, IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN. THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME THINGS GOT CO-OPTED....



AND THEN YOUTH OF TODAY GOT BIG... THEY WERE LIKE A BIG CARTOON OF HARDCORE AND A NEW GENERATION JUST ATE IT UP.

PHYSICALLY STRONG, MORALLY STRAIGHT.. POSITIVE YOUTH... WE'RE THE YOUTH OF TODAY!!!

TOO BAD THE SPIRIT IS FROM YESTERDAY!



HONOR ROLE: THE MELVINS. SONIC YOUTH. SCRATCH ACID. BIG BLACK. REDD KROSS... IT WENT ON AND ON..

FORCED EXPOSURE IS WAY FUCKING COOL & HOT!

BITCH! BITCH!



NOW I'M A LURMUDGEON TYPE OF OLDER PERSON WHO DRAWS SILLY CARTOONS ABOUT OLD THINGS. OH WELL... SOMEONE HAS TO DO THESE THINGS!!



GEORGE MURRILLO

by Mike Villabosos

George Murillo is the Vocalist for Carnage Asada, a group of well-rounded working musicians performing their brand of improv and structured pieces, with no song ever being performed the same way twice. I met George last year after The Gears and Carnage shared a few bills. George reminds me of my homeboys I grew up with in Highland Park. He see's things for what they are and tells it like it is, but in the form of a song!

Q. We were born in the same hospital (General Hospital) about a year apart, I was raised in Northeast L.A. and you were raised in East L.A. Did you notice a difference in the hoods?

A. No not really. I didnt wander too far out of my neighborhood for safety's sake. I knew the Avenues were up there and they were a "well known" Barrio. I was taught dont go lookin for trouble just stay in your territory and everything should be alright.

Q. What did the kids your age say to you after you told em you went to your first punk show? What show was it?

A. My first punk show was Black Flag, Geza X, Circle Jerks, Stains, and the Descendents. I was 13 years old and my Mother took my brother 11 years old and myself to this gig. I remember somebody drove a car through the front and we actually crawled underneath the damaged garage door to get in. My Mom was quite adventurous also. I said "lets go! lets get in!" We got in without paying. That was the beginning of the chaos. Well this is the famous Hideaway gig "1980" that ended in a riot with the LAPD coming down hard. The Stains started fighting with someone in the audience and then it just got crazy, bottles flying, my Mom then said "that's it we're outta here". They stopped the show and the rest of the bands never got a chance to play. My friends didnt believe me at first but then they heard what happened and were like damn you are so cool. Your Mom is cool. We left just before the rioting and tear gas started.

Q. What kind of records did your family have around the house that you liked to listen to?



A. My Mom used to listen to Bob Marley, and my Dad liked to listen to Billie Holiday, but it was my Older brother Steve and Cousin Joanne that turned me on to Hard Rock, Acid Rock, Hendrix, Zeppelin, Kiss, Black Sabbath, The Doors and so on...

Q. I've heard you mention you'd like Carnage to return to a less structured sound? Care to expand on that?

A. When we first started it was Dave Jones Bass, Dave Travis Electric Cello, Jesse Engel Guitar and Pat Palma Drums. We really didnt know specifically what we wanted to do, but we knew we wanted jam and be hard and loud. So we improvised alot of it and freeformed into grooves with alot of flexibility and just let it flow. It wasnt like 1,2,3,4. It was noise, it was jazzy and psychedelic. Very fusion like. It was almost like "Punk Style Grateful Dead" This was Carnage "1993"

Q. Do you write "stream of conscience" type lyrics or do they take time?

A. Both. Depends on the song. Some of them evolve and change. But I can say I do write stream of conscience as well as traditional rhyme, verse, chorus.

Q. I used to be in a band with 9 guys(four of em singers), I could imagine what your practices are like? Are you able to get much done? Lol

A. These days Carnage gets very focused so we do get songs nailed down. Carnage is very tight these days. Which is good, its very specific, detailed grooves.



Q. You've played with many great guitarists like Dez Cadena, David Green, Joe Baiza, Tony Fate, who's your favorite guitarist to play with?

A. Nels Cline, Mario Lalli, Gary Arce, everybody you mentioned above is great in their own special way. I really cant say I have one favorite.

"I didnt wander too far out of my neighborhood for safety's sake. I knew the Avenues were up there and they were a "well known" Barrio. I was taught dont go lookin for trouble just stay in your territory and everything should be alright."

Q. Any great shows come to mind?

A. We had some crazy ass shows at Al's Bar, Mr. T's Bowl, Jawbone Canyon. Live Radio shows on KXL, so many crazy memories.

Q. Tequila or Whiskey?

A. Depends on my mood. If Im channeling the spirit of Emiliano Zapata, of course Tequila. If Im channeling the spirits of James Brown or Muddy Waters, then Whiskey definitely.

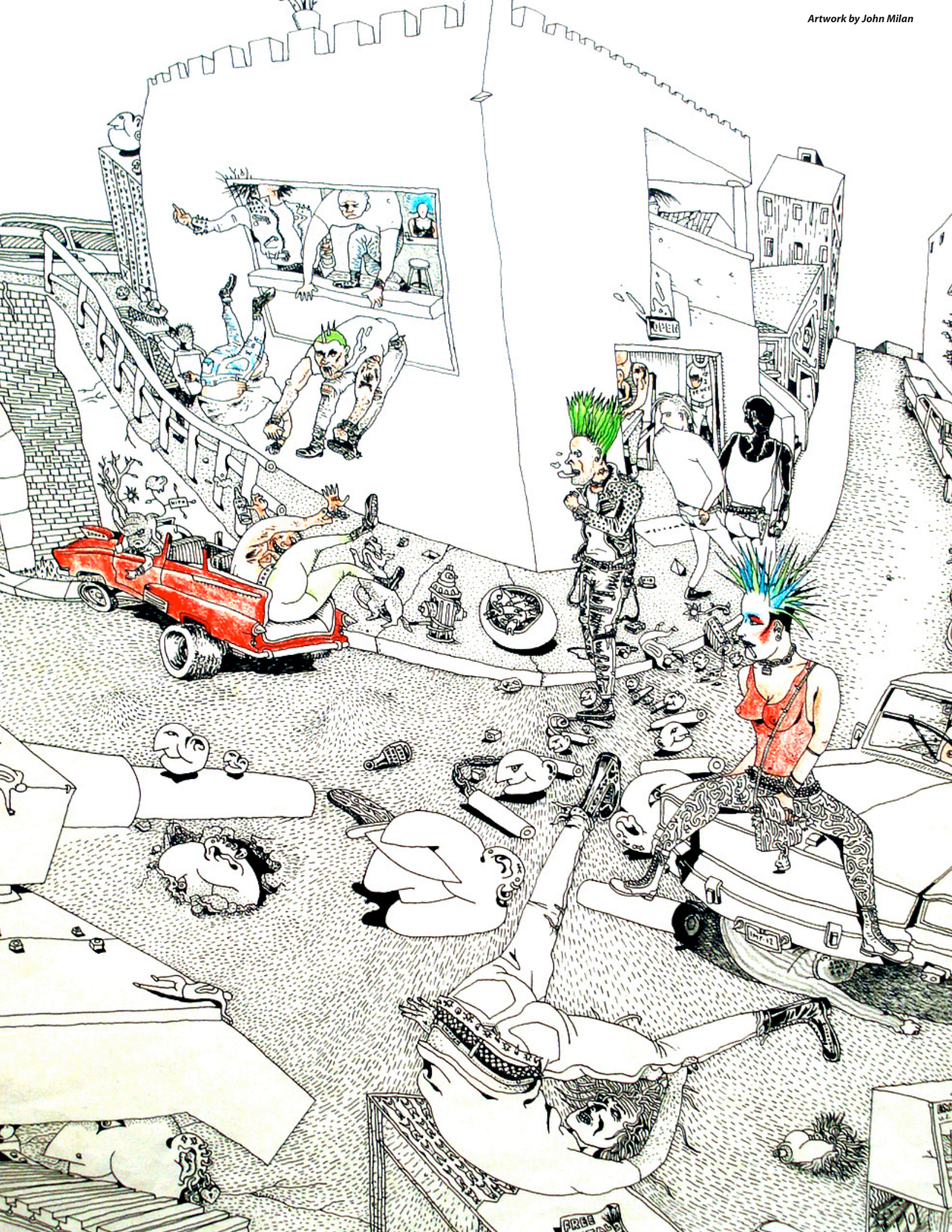
Q. What's the story behind "Gasoline Sock"?

A. Gasoline Sock is a true story, got on the "RTD" bus to go somewhere and this cholo is sitting in the back, has his hand over his mouth, and I smell Gasoline, and as I looked closer the guy had a sock soaked in Gasoline and was inhaling the fumes and was high as fuck. He had this fucked up wicked smile and his eyes were crossing. As kids we used to sniff glue and do spray paint, but this shit took it to a whole, nutha, level. This was probably 1979, Before Crack Cocaine.

Q. What are you doing now?

A. I need to get my ass back to work and look busy.

Photos by Billy Caldwell



Rush Hour To the Sand by bc (Million Kids)

11am: April 23-2010

barely waking up from a hearty nights sleep, I dragged myself into the shower and slowly awoke to a journey into the sand. We are heading towards the car rental place, gonna try out a PT Cruiser... hope everything fits.

11:30 am::

Kim walks into the rental place to get the car, Our daughter Bridgette and I crack jokes at each other to pass the time. Oddly, Kim comes waling towards the car, saying they need all this extra stuff, for them to rent us the car... egad! We didn't have either of those and we didn't have enough time to run home and get it... what to do? We have to still go to my job to pick up a check.....hmmmm... thinking

12 pm:

Decided to screw it and take the subaru (our beloved "band" car, fits everything and runs good) , also we have sirius satellite radio which helps a bunch, on long journeys. You can get reception anywhere...just got to my work, going to pick up my moola now.



1:00 pm:

Just got on the 91... hope there is not too much traffic, haven't taken off this late before...we'll see what happens. Got to make an Interview at Double Down Radio at 8 pm . I think we should be ok....

2 pm:

Everything was going fine....then BOOOOOM...serious bumper to bumper traffic. Starting to get a little nervous,

3:30pm::

Holy SHIT@! this traffic is brutal!.....36 miles 1 1/2 hours....you got to be joking me!
texting Matt to let him know we might be running late. Hell we aren't even to the 15 yet!

5:: pm

Steve from Double Down Radio just called and left a Message saying we can play a couple songs live on the show! Way stoked! got to get there before the show ends. Trying to make good time now..hope the highway gods on our side.

7:00 pm

Stateline!!!!

7:45pm

Rolled up to my Moms house (i grew up in Las Vegas, moved to Cali after high school). Dropped off our little one for a sleep over, and headed to the Hotel to check in... radio show just about to start EDGING it!!!! Got to run!



8:45pm
RACCCCCING to the club to make the radio spot. As we walked in Matt, had just been ask to do the interview by himself , because they thought we wern't comin. We hop up on stage with him and do the interview as the band.... whew!.....BEER PLEASE!.....Steve said we could do a couple songs live, but we had no acoustic guitar...so I went out and grabbed the bass and guitar and went direct into the board. A little muddy but it worked. We played Boom Goes the Bomb and On The Brink, to a small early crowd drinking in the bar. Good times, and Steve was beyond cool.. SHOUT OUT TO STEVE and DOUBLE DOWN RADIO!

10 pm::
Headin back to the hotel to shower up and gett ready fro the set. I think we go on around 1 am. The night is just beginning in Vegas!

11:30 pm:: Heading to the club for the late night set, we pull in and the place is packed, this should be fun.....stop...wait.....nope....the band of mohawks who are on before us just cleared the place...lol.....oh yeah, gotta love that.....well at least we got our crew from Cali here!

1:30 am: just finished our set, sounded solid, Tom from Sylvia's Band was kind enough to let us use his bass rig. Connected good with the band, Kim sounded great, got the crowd going. Next up is SYLVia, she always rocks, too good to describe, a must see situation. They took to the stage , this time with Steve Reed on drums, and killed it! Kudos!!

3:30 am: drunk and punk, tired and frayed, gettin some \$.25 cent chicken wings and gonna to sleep.....cheers Double Down...another fun tango in the desert! See your ass next time.

~B 2 da C (Million Kids)



Vegas Tour Diary – by Sylvia Juncosa

Back in the day, Vegas sucked. Touring bands didn't even bother with it. Not even me, and I wanted to go absolutely everywhere, even Texas.

We passed through once, on the way back from a whirlwind mini-tour out to the CMJ in New York. It was mid-afternoon, dusty, dismal and sweltering; we were tired, stinky, thirsty and broke. But even under optimal night-time conditions Vegas wouldn't have held much appeal at that point. We'd just spent an awesome exciting week on a great tour. We'd had more than our fill of nightlife, bright lights, free drinks. And as for casinos, ha! We were such bad-ass super-ninjas back then, gambling our jobs and livelihoods and sometimes even our lives, putting a few dollars on the table wasn't much of a thrill.

But times change, and places change (even Texas, or so I hear). Vegas most definitely changed, and now features the Double Down casino bar serving up punk bands and cheap drinks 24/7 and 365. When the enthusiastic Mr. BC of the Million Kids offered us a gig there, memories, ethics and poetry went straight out the window. WE'RE GOING TO VEGAS, BABY! WooooOOOO!

Nice, but there's the minor issue of not having a band. Recent drummer Adrien is booked up, other recent drummer John totally flipped out, recent bassist Patt hates to travel, and other recent bassist Tom hates late-night gigs, surely playing Vegas at 3 am would be out of the question.

Or? Quick swapparoo - other recent bassist Steve will now play drums, and Tom is stoked to go, he's got friends out that way. Now all we gotta do is get the songs down in a week. No problem, just do the slow freaky part, bust into the loud metal part, then after the second loud fast part comes the odd meter part, and an abrupt stop, the first time around it will be two times but the second time around 4 times, after that comes the quiet break ... got it? Ok the next one goes like this ...

Our first jam together was not exactly brimming with magical moments. But we hammer down during the week, we learn the songs, and by Friday we have enough for a set. Around 8 p.m. or so we load up the van and hit the road.

Hitting the road, that's always great. I love touring, always have, always will. Once you get in that van, you're committed, you've got nothing more important to do than get to your gig and play music. All the other stresses, phone calls, money and job worries, everything else is just gonna have to wait. Now we get to sit back and enjoy the trip. Fantasize about how great our gig will be, write out a set list in the



Photo by Sylvia Juncosa



Photo by Kim Masters



Photo by Billy Caldwell



Photo by Kim Masters



Photo by Sylvia Juncosa



Photo by Sylvia Juncosa



Photo by Kim Masters



Photo by Sylvia Juncosa



Photo by Cindy Irwin



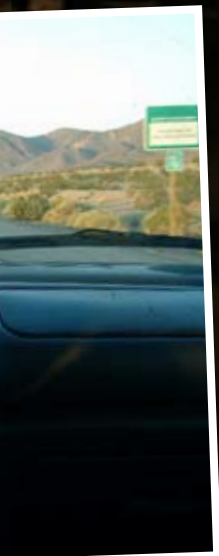
dim car light, watch for other interesting vehicles on the highway. A pickup truck passes us, hauling a refrigerator, the first of three we'll see before the trip is through. I suppose it makes sense.

Next thing you know, we're cruising down roads named Paradise, Flamingo, Tropicana, our eyes bombarded with blinking neon. Yep, definitely Vegas. Looks like there's a good crowd at the club too, judging from the full parking lot and the punkish people milling around. RODENTS OF UNUSUAL SIZE finishes up their set - cute boys with amazing mohawks and a great band name - and I have fun playing paparazzi for a few moments. "Can I take your picture? It's for Flipside 2010!"

Then the MILLION KIDS go on, which normally I would greatly enjoy, and I can hear they are rockin' out, and they keep getting tighter and stronger every time I see them. Unfortunately I can't really watch them this time, we're still getting gear loaded in, plus I'm quickly learning "Search and Destroy" so we can jam it together. And then we're up. By now it's nearing 4 a.m., we're the last band, what crowd that still remains looks like they're about to head out the door. I've got one, maybe two songs time in which to lasso them with sweet guitar leads and pull them back into the club. But we do it! The exodus is stopped. The heads are turned. We're hitting a groove, way beyond that of our rushed rehearsals. Then came a jam section of a song, and suddenly Steve was playing a new drum part I'd never heard before, rhythmically complex, technically difficult and yet fully off-the-cuff, emotional, and fitting perfectly in the song. Pure adrenaline rush. That's where I went crazy, leaping and thrashing like a wild horse. Steve sees the ratty blond hair flying and starts going for it yet more, and even cool-cat Tom, our unflappable bass player, starts rocking out. A wondrous set! Indeed, afterwards I find my guitar pickups are spattered with blood. Definitely the sign of a good show.

Vegas, we will see you again. Million Kids, thanks for the gig. Rodents, don't ever cut those mohawks. This is Sylvia, over and out.

~ Sylvia



An Excerpt from My Punkaluluaby:

The Seminary of Praying Mantis

by Hudley Flipside

This is a short memoir of my days as co-owner and editor of Flipside Fanzine from 1979 to 1989. Also it is a glimpse at the evolution of Flipside parallel to the underground punk scene based in Los Angeles California and growing phenomenon around the world.

Well, you know by now that Mr. Darby Crash is no longer with us. The story goes that he and a girl get a hold of \$400 dollars of rent money & went out and bought \$400 dollars worth of Heroin. Darby shot up the girl, not an OD amount, but gave himself enough to do what he wanted. Darby spread himself out on the floor in the form of a cross and died...whether you like Darby or not least he did something about his feelings and convictions. The least we can do now is to follow Darby's example in like and stand up for what we believe in. ~ Lois.

Flipside Issue 22 "In Memory of Darby Crash".

That was about the foundation of our life for about three years. We had a close group of friends from Whittier that we hung with. Later new staff members joined, Helen, Michele and Paul & Kori. Helen was the oldest and was an artist, schoolteacher with a sexual wild side. She was a very independent lady who lived upstairs in an old house that had been converted into an apartment. She reminded me of a femme fatale with her 1960's grey Porche which she drove around Whittier. She always wore a skirt and looked more like a beatnik chick then a punk. Yet, she was with Flipside for a long time. I liked having her around because she helped us with the very guts of the fanzine, which honestly, not many other "shit worker" did except for Al and me! It is through Helen that we met Paul & Kori because they all worked for a pottery company in Whittier, where I worked for a short time. I never got the feeling the Kori liked me. She had the same misfortune as Pete and Al. She lost both of her parents by the time I got to know her, and she had a shadowy side that I admired and frankly often wondered about. Paul & Kori were going together for most of the years I was with Flipside. Paul was the hang-around "shit worker" party friend more than anything else. Michele brought with her the pulse of the growing Huntington Beach scene. She was a tall girl with a white face and dark hair. Some say she looked like Astro Boy meets geisha girl. She wore bondage pants and talked almost like a valley girl. She contributed scene reports and a few band interviews.

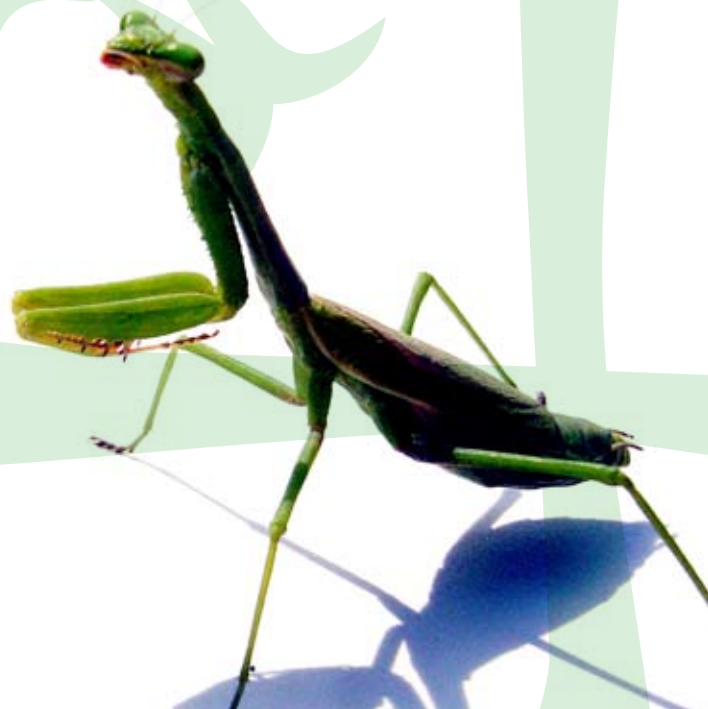
We had lots of drunken parties at the Flipside house that we videotaped. They were lots of fun. We had Mike Ness from Social Distortion and others over.



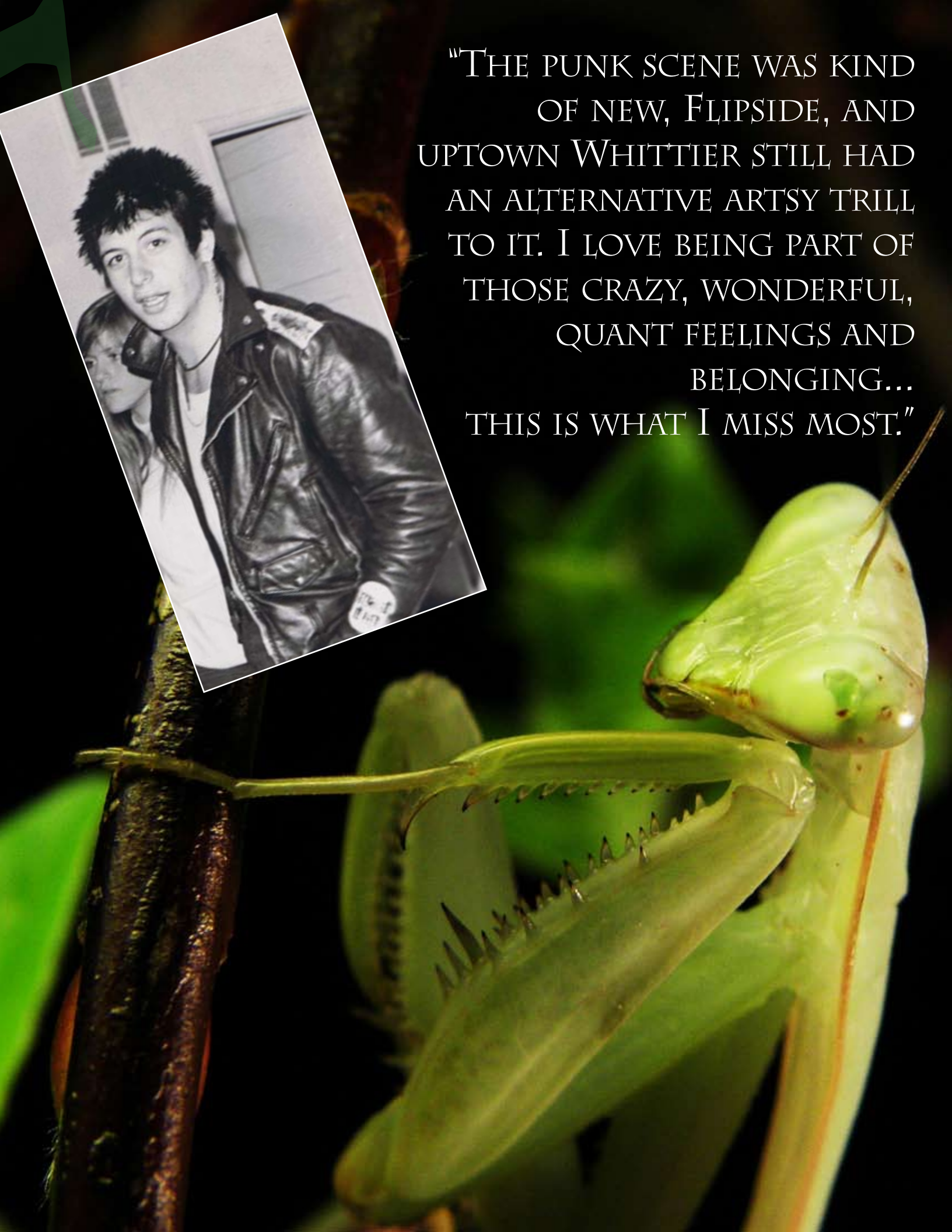
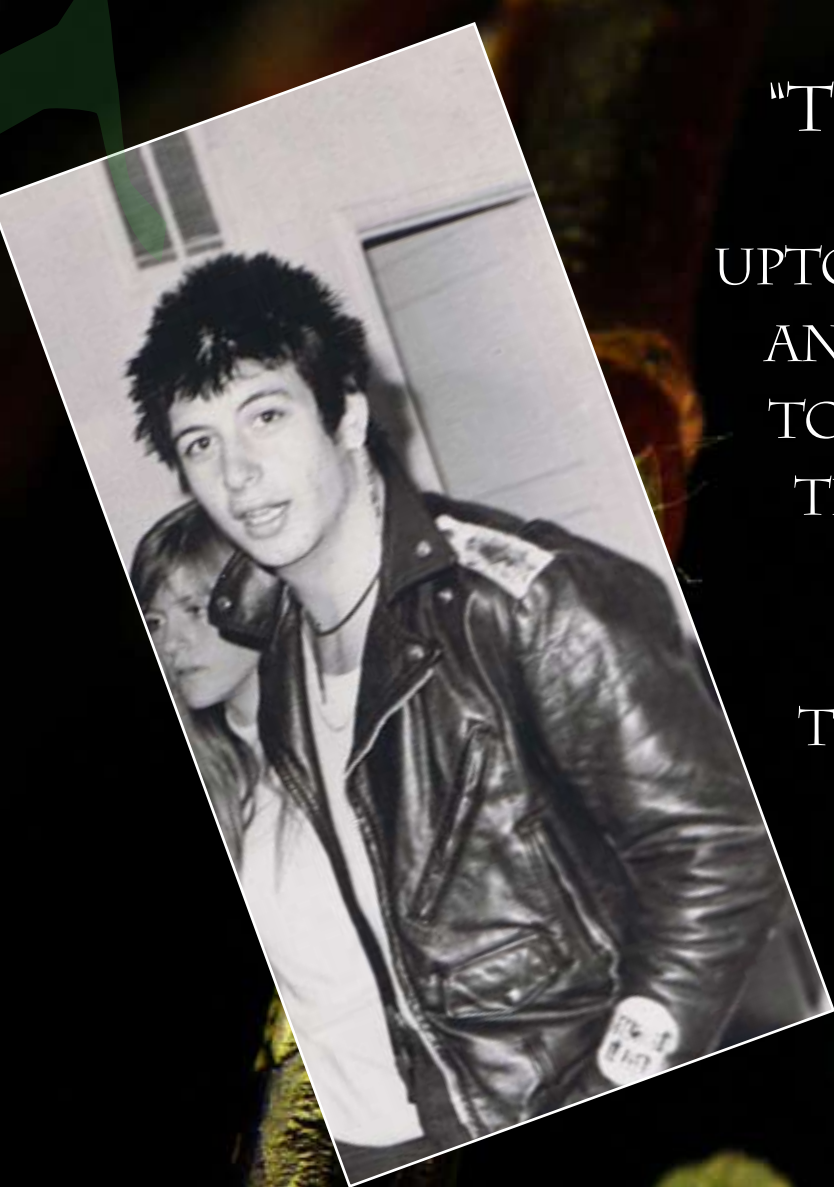
Most nights we were out at clubs until the wee hours. We got in a nasty habit of going to Tommy Burgers. They were yummy after a hard night's work of bands and the scene. Yet, after too much drinking Al would sometimes have to wash the car out with a hose the next morning. It is the worst sight ever. The grease of a Tommy burger really stands out the next day after it has been

barfed all over our VW Squareback. Damn, I wondered what the neighbors thought? Whittier was a strange place because it has an interesting history. Our impeached president Richard Nixon grew up in Whittier. It was once hardcore Quaker town but now during the 1980's Whittier had developed a strange underground movement, where going to a party up-town could mean a fun adventure. Strange it later turned out to be a home for Al and me when we moved into a local art loft there. Once at an earlier time the crew from Flipside went to uptown Whittier for a party. This particular evening was one of those nights that stuck in my mind as well as my belly all these years. There was beer galore at the party loft and we made the most of it. The funniest part was when the party was over; the very best part being Pete Lanswick walking home. He was stinking drunk. He walked from up-town Whittier to the middleclass neighborhood where he lived. Al, Paul and I followed him home in our VW Square back. I never laughed so hard. He must have fallen down 12 times. The whole time we had our car lights shining on him. About an hour later he got home. He fell on his front lawn. That is where we left him...until we took him to lunch that next day... I believe he was still lying on the grass when we woke him up. I wonder what the neighbors thought. That is what was so great then. The punk scene was kind of new, Flipside, and up-town Whittier still had an alternative artsy trill to it. I love being part of those crazy, wonderful, quant feelings and belonging... this is what I miss most.

The creative formula for Flipside was being formatted at about this time. Al was a wizard in the darkroom. He could do about anything we thought up to do, full two color layouts and beyond. Al and I created this formatted outline together for Flipside for the next ten years. He translated most of the band interviews for the magazine, which were recorded and translated from a rather large hand held tape recorder, and to this day he most likely still types with only two fingers at about 100 miles per hour. I did most of the paste-up and editing for the magazine (yes my spelling sucks!). Once we started printing Flipside on newsprint via a rotary offset printer, the layout was set for life. We went to a business called Glendale Rotary Press in Glendale California. We went to another printer for out glossy covers where cover and guts were married together. This was the Flipside that we grew to know. Pictures of bands and anything used in the fanzine were all considered and selected from negatives formulated in our personal darkroom, as well as all the more improvised layouts. Most of the advertisements in Flipside were mailed to us camera ready. Flipside spread the word of the punk world via advertisements sold in Flipside, their support contributed to directly putting out each issue of Flipside. It was a nice deal and we made it work...everyone was on the run... bands, fans and us, and we were all learning as we ran. We were all part of the same scene. A happy memory of mine is the time when Tony Adolescent ran up to us at a show in Hollywood yelling, "Hey look what I got for you guys." It was a poster from Lucio Fulci's film Zombie. He told us that he had stolen it from a theater. He got it for us because he knew we liked the film. "We are going to eat you"...what a weird poster! A crusty zombie face with worms falling out of its mouth. I still had an interest in the shadow of life.



"THE PUNK SCENE WAS KIND
OF NEW, FLIPSIDE, AND
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BELONGING...
THIS IS WHAT I MISS MOST."





DWARVES Crime

DWARVES, DISGUSTER @ Blue Cafe

April 8th, 2010

Photos and Story by Billy Caldwell

The instant message said "extra for the Dwarves tomorrow, wanna go?". Mike Manifold of the GEARS shot this sweet bit of info my way the night before the gig, i was quick to respond "HELL YEAH!"

It had been a good 15 years since my last live Dwarves experience, and I wasn't about to pass up an opportunity like this.

On the ride over, we got a call from the drummer Greg, and he told us the booker was freaking out about the list, because the OC weekly had stupidly listed the nights gig as FREE!! HAHA, the cover was quite the opposite at \$15! Say the least, more than a few showed up and left angrily because of the so-called bait and switch, although the club seriously had nothing to do with it. Got to love misprints! and at a DWARVES gig taboot.....yeah should have been a sign of what was to come....

REVIEWS

Scene



Not sure if that was a prelude to the evening, but there was definitely that air of OC "bro Hymn" mentality to bash each others head in....literally. Hell, it's a DWARVES gig right?

DIGUSTER, a killer band from the OC, tore into there edgy lyrical punk assault on the Blue cafe crowd as we entered the strip mall bar on the border of Seal Beach and Huntington. A killer tight sound with solid garage punch that gets the blood pumpin. I had played with them before about a year before, and they looked stronger and more focused on takin the crowd on the nasty lyrical journey! kudos to the boys of Diguster, and get your ass out there to see them, worth the time!

You could feel the building of excitement before Blag and the gang hit the stage. The few hot ladies in attendance swirled for positioning by the front of the stage, to have easy access to the Blag. Suddenly the bouncers started standing behind another camera guy, the girls and me, our only protection from the pit about to erupt. The lights go dark and shadows walk onto the stage. feedback hits from the guitars.....and.....boooooom....they were off!

The pit was insane, as 50+, buffed out OC locals went at each other like a massive cock fight. Fists, jaws being hit, bulging eyes, it was an orgy of rabid humans. The energy in the room was primal and chaotic from the first song on. Everyone working their poison out of their system, hoping the DWARVES actually play longer than 10 minutes, and that they did! Almost a 45 minute set, highly unusual for this iconic band. then..... FIGHT!

Some classic example of a blonde OC girl, was the center of an intense fight, that took the majority of the crowd outside to witness a crime scene. Someone's head was used as a battering ram to the plate glass window of one of the stores in the strip mall. The guy was cut from ear to ear and cops were everywhere within minutes. I looked back and it was like the red sea parting, probably 30 people got to see the end of the set...which funny enough, was even better, than before. Blag took flight off the stage and jumped onto the pool table and antagonized the security guards to make him get off the table..f-u security!! Blag even hopped onto one security guards back and went for a piggy back ride!

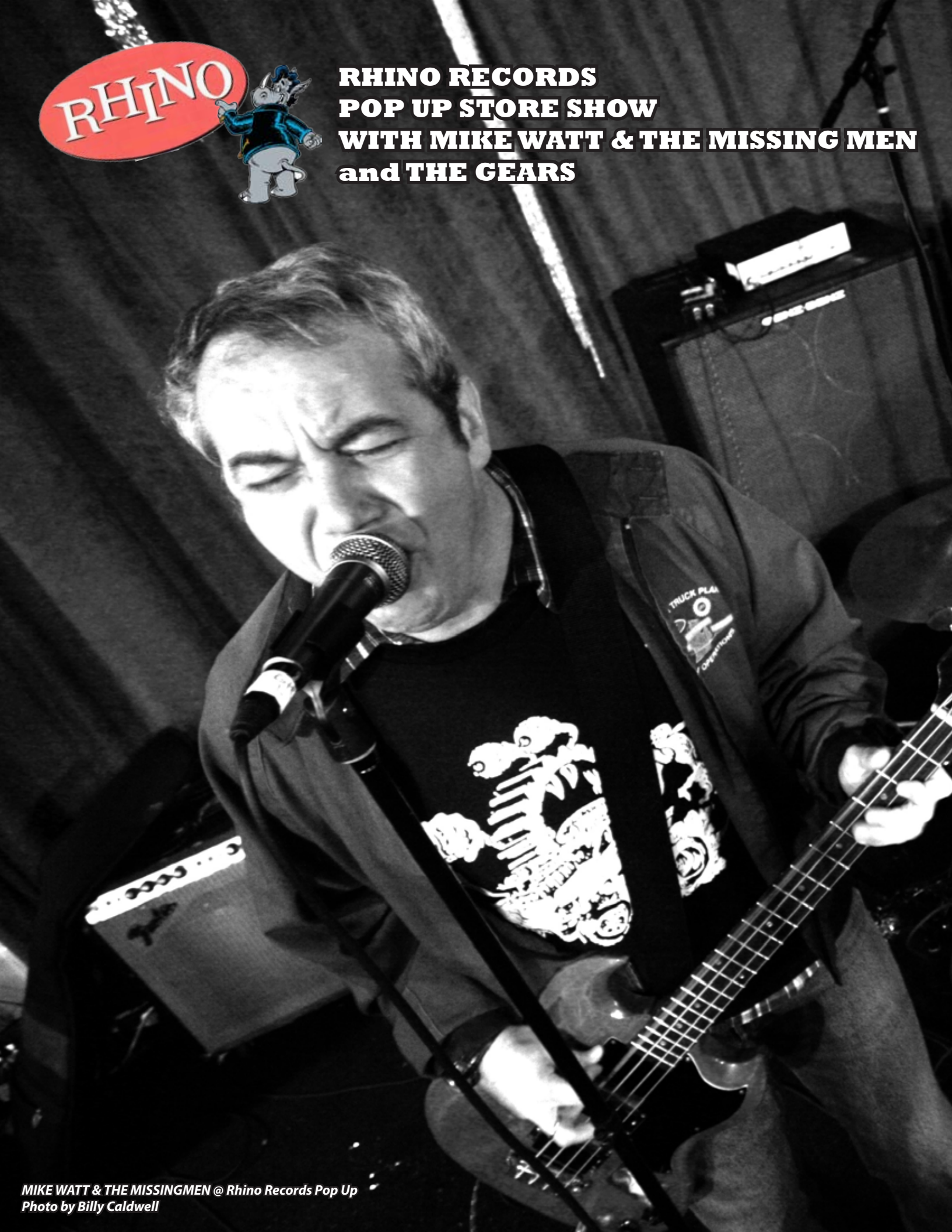
Fuckin DWARVES, a great band period!
~bc







**RHINO RECORDS
POP UP STORE SHOW
WITH MIKE WATT & THE MISSING MEN
and THE GEARS**



MIKE WATT & THE MISSINGMEN @ Rhino Records Pop Up
Photo by Billy Caldwell





Axxel G Reese and Kidd Spike from THE GEARS kickin the Pop Up stores ass!
Photos by Billy Caldwell





TOM WATSON from **MIKE WATT & THE MISSINGMEN**
Photo by Billy Caldwell



Axxel G Reese from **THE GEARS**
Photo by Billy Caldwell

CELLPHISH

Holiday Inn Canoga Welcomes Cellphish

4/18/2010

Words and Pics by Hudley

Canoga Park rules: At the local Pub known as the Scotland Yard Saturday nights host some interesting bands which paralleled with this evening's satisfaction. After a couple of brew and some friendly talk Cellphish soon burst forth with enough energy to thrust down some walls. Cellphish has a unique sound, a horn section punky thrash kind of band movement. With Ivan on the saxophone, Phil on the trombone, Rich on the trumpet, Whitey on Bass, and heavy guitar contorted by Joey R. (Jugheads Revenge and Black fag), they together all really got my blood pumping. Lead singer Jesse is a happy vocalist screamer who supported himself sometimes on a corner table above the audiences' glare. I instantly wanted to know all the lyrics. Cellphish is a band to watch out for. I want to see them again. Especially Rich on the trumpet who is crazy fun! (<http://www.myspace.com/cellphish>) Spinning the records for the evening was DJ Rip Off and Lay Petrol. It was a sweet farewell night to DJ Christ Ford of Guntraffic Radio...who said it... yes Radio Birdman ripped it loud, "You're gonna miss me.!"



New Jersey's Adrenalin O.D. at the Sun Valley Sportsman's Hall in Sun Valley, CA. (1985)





PUNKTOGRAPHY II by Joe Henderson

Our male boxer, Petey, does not “play nice” at the Hermon Dog Park. In fact, his idea of “playing” is crushing all comers into the dust with his front paws and then proceeding to dry hump them. (Talk about adding insult to injury!) That being said, unless the dog park is empty, I generally take Petey down into the concrete-lined Arroyo Seco to burn off excess alpha dog energy, while my daughter, Betsy, has a wonderful time chatting up the dog owners and tossing tennis balls with their pooches. The other day, Petey and I emerged from the Arroyo only to see Betsy walking a yellow mongrel with enormous testicles. Betsy informed me that the owner had “given” Betsy the dog – leash and all – and allowed her to rename it. I informed Betsy that we could not keep “Marmaduke” because one rescue dog is about all the Henderson Family can handle. The tears began to flow and Betsy’s cries of “Marmaduuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuke!!! Marmaduuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuke!!!” became more strident as we approached our car and reached a crescendo during the drive home.

Given this background, I was less than pleased when that same evening my wife, Rebecca, brought home a hissing and scared older cat named Amber in a pet carrier. My heart remained hardened even when Rebecca informed me that Amber belonged one of Rebecca’s patients, a 48-year-old lady who had just died of cancer, and that not one of the patient’s friends was able to keep the cat. I was so dismayed by the prospect of caring for another stray animal, that I thought very little when Rebecca told me that she put the lady’s glasses case in the carrier so that Amber would have something that smelled like her owner.

It was a rough night punctuated by barking and hissing.

The next morning, my mood was black. Then, I happened to come across the lady’s well worn glasses case. Printed right on the glasses case was the image of a kitten playing with a butterfly. Then it hit me. Just a few days ago, my source of annoyance was someone’s most treasured friend. The lady had no immediate family and was somewhat of a recluse. It was now obvious to me that the lady loved Amber very much -- and vice versa. I felt like a jerk. To make matters worse, Amber subsequently broke free and fled the house. I can only hope that Amber is safe and has found someone willing to shower her with the love that she richly deserves.

However, I did learn two valuable lessons from this experience – the fragility of our human existence and the enduring bond of love between pets and their owners. The eye glasses case is now prominently displayed in our curio cabinet so that I think twice before putting my needs ahead of those I love – whether on two or four legs.

That being said, here are some black and white photographs of some punk rock bands I took in the eighties. I hope you enjoy them.

-- Joe Henderson



Boston's SS Decontrol at The Olympic Auditorium in downtown Los Angeles. (1985)

Canada's D.O.A. at the Club Lingerie in Hollywood, CA (October 28, 1987)

Joseph Henderson of Yabo

Yabo



Canada's D.O.A. at the Club Lingerie in Hollywood, CA (October 28, 1987)

JosephBHenderson@Yahoo.com

Canada's D.O.A. at the Club Lingerie in Hollywood, CA (October 28, 1987)

Santiago Durango of Chicago's Big Black at The I Beam in San Francisco, CA
(1987)





KFJC

Tape one

Hudley Flipside

05/28/84

1. OHL, LP- Verbrannte Erde, song Spionage
2. Minor Threat- Out of Step with the World.

3. Government Issue- Hey Ronnie

4. The Faith- Song?

5. Interviews with Alec and Ian MacKaye.
Also present wee Glen E. Friedman, Frank Harrison- Golden Voice Stage Manager, and Al Flipside.

6. Wire-Straight Line.

7. Wire- 106 Beats That.

8. Flipside Video Live audio music with Toxic Reasons at the Olympic Auditorium Los Angeles. CA

Limited Nuclear War
Mercenary

9. Sin 34 live from the Olympic Auditorium

Only Love
American America
The Uniform

10. Records Reviews: West Germany Compilation

"Life's A Joke"

Riot Squad- from South Africa, MCK
Shit SA "Spanish Punk" song?

11. Reading from Khalil Gibran "Freedom".

12. Valley of the Dolls Theme song.
Written by Andre & Dory Previn for the 20th Century Fox Motion Picture: Valley of the Dolls. Released in 1967. Great vocal by Ms. Dionne Warwick. Scepter Records



CLICK TO LISTEN
PART 1 OR PART 2



COLD WAR

There I said it, and it got in print. Back in 1981 I started two different bands. The first band, wrote five songs, and never got out of the garage. Like many kids from that era (the Regan years) I was always worried about the threat of nuclear war with Russia. So, the first band was called U.S. Against Them (pronounced us against them). I thought it was clever, and we practiced for about six months, and then someone moves, another is being told by a parent to stop being a "punk rocker." U.S. Against Them was gone before anyone knew we were there.

The second band, Cold War was a pretty decent band (another fear of Russia name). I recruited real "musicians," and not just a couple of punks that wanted to be in a band. A friend of mine, Randy Clark, who was also in an experimental band called Weasel Music, played guitar. And this guy whose name I can't remember, from school begged me for weeks to play bass. He was a longhaired rocker kid; I think we called them heshers back then. He hung out with this punk rock guy named Al who lived a few blocks over from me. Al pleads the guy's case, and I let him in. I couldn't find anyone who could play drums that wasn't already in a band, and then Randy suggested the drummer of Weasel music could sit in. Sounds great! Only condition I couldn't let people know the drummer's name. It turns out the drummer, Chris Wahl, had just auditioned for The Flesheaters, and Chris D didn't want any of his guys playing in any other bands. But he was aware of Weasel Music, and their occasional gigs. On the rare occasions that Cold War was booked with Weasel Music, and The Flesheaters, I used the excuse that my "drummer" was a no show, and Chris Wahl would "sit-in" and help us out. Punk rock politics at their finest.



So, like every young punk back then, I wanted to be in the biggest punk band in the world. I wanted to be bigger than Black Flag, which might be hard, so I focused on my next two goals. First, get mentioned in Flipside. I wasn't worried about an interview, or a cover feature... just get mentioned. Flipside was my Bible. I knew the people that wrote the letters, and I knew the bands, and shows being reviewed. I wanted to be mentioned in the same issue as TSOL (I would never be the singer that Jack is, but I tried). And my second goal was to be played on Rodney Bingenheimer's Rodney on The Roq show on Saturday night. Those were my goals.

And now twenty-nine years later, Cold War is mentioned in Flipside.

Cold War lasted about a year. Roughly, 1981 to 1982 was the shelf life. We recorded a two-song demo. I gave the demo to EVERYONE, except me. The tape is gone. The tape had two songs, Ronnie the Clown, and Ritchie Dagger's Eyes. My attempt at a Darby Crash tribute, and like everybody else a Regan bashing song. I sent the tape to almost all of the fanzines I found listed in Flipside. No one reviewed it. Then, almost six months after the band broke-up, I received a clipping from an old fanzine that I must have sent the tape to. I open this envelope, and I find this folded/crumpled piece of paper, I unfolded it, and it had at the top: "Cold War - Tape." Then the review was: "Cold War sounds like The Insane, English Oi band." That's it. Maybe musically, but I never tried to do a faux Cockney accent. I, actually, liked the vocals of Dez Cadena, and Greg Graffin, at the time, but I never tried British. I don't know what the fanzine was; I know it wasn't Flipside because I would've framed it.

A couple of years ago I did a search online for Cold War, maybe somebody ripped a copy of the demo, or something popped up. Instead, I found a new band using the name. I don't want to be one of these old farts pissing, and moaning about the old days, but I don't see the point using the name. Cold War was a relevant name at that time. Now, it's meaningless. No cold war, no fear of communism, now it's Islam that scares the crap out of us.

After I found out that a new band was gigging using the name I went, and dug out my old pile of flyers, and found this one. Cold War's (the original, or O.G.) first show. If memory serves, Flesheaters didn't play, but Chris D. was there hanging out. Something happened, and the rest of the band couldn't make it. Chris Wahl played in Cold War as well as Flesheaters. We didn't headline this show; I just put the flyer out with us on top. The Cold War lettering I fashioned after the Pink Floyd logo from The Wall album, I thought it would be funny. The rest of the lettering copied from the lettering I saw on the cover of an old issue of Flipside. I think Matt Groening may have done it, I knew his strip from L.A. Reader "Love Is Hell," but when I pulled this flyer out I thought this looks like Simpson lettering. Back then it was just quirky, now it's Simpsons. Also, you may wonder what's the deal with the symbol next to the name, I believe it's the symbol Phi, I saw it somewhere started using it as a sort representation of the world being divided, basically I thought it was cool.

So, there it is. Cold War made it's way into the pages of Flipside.



MIKE CHECK

Michael Essington

"Mike Check" Column @
www.strangereaction.com





AXXEL G. REESE

Frontman extraordinaire of THE GEARS and DI's, creating a new scene from a N.E.L.A music compound headquarters. BBQ's instead of bars, and memories being created that will last a lifetime. A new age in the LA punk scene...

Axxel G. Reese, front man extraordinaire of The Gears and The DI's, is creating a new scene from his Northeast Los Angeles musical compound. Barbeques instead of bars, and memories are being created that will last a lifetime – a new age in the Los Angeles punk scene.

Anyone who has ever seen The Gears or The DI's play live knows that Axxel is, first and foremost, an entertainer that want and needs to entertain. Although The Gears have performed several times this year, the band has had extended periods of "downtime" with no gigs whatsoever after the economy soured. Axxel believes that it is a reflection of how our punk scene has deteriorated over the years. People don't – and won't -- pay much when they do go out and they go out much less these days.

Axxel's devious plan is to develop our own microcosm scene in N.E.L.A. to have other bands chompin' at the bit to be a part of it. Axxel thinks that we're well on our way with the help and support of Flipside 2010 and our growing circle of bands that actually like to play AND to hang with each other. That is what a 'scene' is to him.

Axxel hopes that the annual 4th of July and Librafest gigs at Axxel's place in Glassell Park as well as other backyard barbeques in nearby Eagle Rock will become a "grass roots" phenomenon – even more important than club gigs.

Almost all investment literature warns you that "past performance is no guarantee of future results," BUT the Flipside 2010 crew has had the pleasure of seeing roots rock legends, The D.I.'s, reconstitute themselves after a seventeen year hiatus during the 2009 Librafest (see accompanying article) AND watching Inazuma, Stab City and Million Kids tear it up in Mike Manifold's (The Gears' bassist) backyard in Eagle Rock (see Flipside 2010 issue no. 1). You had better believe that the next time either Axxel or Mike host a backyard barbeque, and see fit to invite us, we will be there.

Cheers! -- Billy Caldwell and Joe Henderson



Libraween BBQ with The D.I.'s

About 9:00 p.m. on 10/24/2009, the "Libraween" BBQ celebration at Axxel's Reese's backyard in the hills of Glassell Park overlooking Southern Pacific Railroad's long defunct Taylor Yard was in full swing. The carne asada was sizzling and the Coronas were flowing and there were plenty of tricker-treaters – young and old – who were giving their costumes a dry run before the following weekend's Halloween festivities. The Gears finished a smokin' set and people were starting to filter out of the backyard. Axxel pleaded with the crowd to wait for one of The D.I.'s to arrive from work (Disneyland of all places) so that they could begin their set. My partner in Facebook crime, Ed Dawson, mumbled something about a midnight metaphysical shuffleboard tournament and sauntered off. (Happy 60th birthday my friend.) My partner in Flipside 2010 crime, Billy Caldwell, packed up his photo rig and seemingly disappeared into a cloud medical marijuana smoke. (Amazing how all of the older punk's lumbago, bursitis and related ailments seem to "flare up" on Saturday night.)

My patience was rewarded because I got to see The D.I.s – vocals Axxel G. Reese (Gears); drums Dave Drive (Gears); bass Jonny Ray Bartel (The Red Devils & The Knitters); guitar Matt Lee (Ray Campi's Rockabilly Rebels) and harmonica Pat French (The Joneses, The Hangmen) – playing together for the first time in 17 years! Bottom line -- The D.I.s are roots rock at its finest. The guys also seemed to be having a great time playing a full set including "Mohawk vs. Da," "Your Dad's A Cop," and, of course, "Taylor Yard Blues." I hope to get another chance to The D.I.s again in the very near future and not have to wait until the next Halloween with a full moon. In the meantime, please enjoy some of the photo I took of the show.

– Joe Henderson



RABID PACK WITH SIRENS HOWLING. BY BRIAN WALSBY.

(This is the introduction to this book which at the very least should be in the works by the time to read this.)

INTRODUCTION.

This book more or less begins in Southern California about twenty five years ago.

This whole book is sort of a love letter to my past, and also is a way of paying tribute to it as well.

I grew up in the Los Angeles and was a big fan of rock music. I was also a pretty goofy kid who felt sort of out of step with what was considered to be "normal" growing up. So like a lot of other likeminded youngsters in my age bracket, I discovered the world of punk rock in the early eighties.

I was already a big letter writer and tape trader when I became infatuated with the early eighties North Carolina Punk Rock scene after reading about it in the scene reports of the then new Maximumrockroll magazine. A friend of mine, Ron Cerros, had the Why Are We Here? 7" on No Core Records Christians and Bloodmobile on it. We listened to it continuously, it all kind of started there. No Labels had two songs on the record and I thought they were both great. Then I got a copy of Paul Mahern's (of the Zero Boys; a criminally underlooked Midwest hardcore band) massive double LP compilation record he assembled on his own label, called The Master Tape Volume II. No Labels had two songs on that. They really seemed to stand out to me.

Shortly afterwards, I got a dubbed copy in the mail from an Australian pen-pal of the No Labels Jane Doe demo. It was one of the best hardcore tapes I had ever heard and to this day I still think so. No Labels were the first band that I heard from Raleigh North Carolina. To think that one day I heard be writing a book about a music scene in North Carolina that was initially inspired by a band who were around realistically about one full year some twenty something years later is pretty interesting to say the least.

It was then that I started writing to all of the guys out there making music; it was what you did when you were involved in that scene. Then in mid-1984 Corrosion Of Conformity put out their first record, Eye for an Eye, which I also thought was fucking great. It seems like they had shared members with No Labels or something. They played Hollywood's Cathay De Grande club off Selma Boulevard in Hollywood a few days after I got their record and I missed it.

After their tour, I struck up a pen-pal relationship with Woody Weathermen of COC and No Labels' Ricky Hicks. In January 1985, they came out west again to record the first side of Animosity and I met them all formerly at the Sun Valley Sportsman's Lodge in the San Fernando Valley where the band was playing one of the first "crossover" shows ever. The funny thing that I remember is that the mostly heavy metal

Mike Dean of Corrosion of Conformity at The Clubhouse in Baltimore, MD (1985)



COC at The Clubhouse (1985)





crowd kind of took ten steps back when COC played, not being exactly close minded, but not being sure how to react. It was pretty funny.

They agreed to stay at my parent's house that night and after pulling over to urinate in some strip mall in Simi Valley (myself and then roadie Simon Bob Sinister) local Simi Valley police accosted us while urinating. Strangely enough, they let us go. Soon afterwards as the infamous graffiti covered COC van pulled up to the house, Woody accidentally knocked over my parent's concrete pillar mailbox. We propped it up with a few rocks. To this day, no one ever knew why it leaned so funny all of a sudden.

I was in this band at the time called Scared Straight, which was one of the many hardcore bands to come out of the suburbs of Los Angeles. We went on a tour of the United States in the summer of 1985 with our friends and mentors from Oxnard, Ill Repute. But then both bands got all of our gear and personal belongings ripped off in Pittsburgh. Tour over. I look back and realize that this was a pivotal moment in my life. I didn't just this yet want to go back home. I was already on the East Coast and I was very close to North Carolina. I abruptly quit the band I was in so I could stay.

So I called Reed Mullin and explained my situation. He said to sit tight because the band was going up to New York City to see the Bad Brains play one of their many reunion shows, and they would pick me up along the way. The whole situation seemed very exciting. I agreed with the plan.

I ended up going to Raleigh to hang out. I met everybody and had a good time. The COC folks introduced me to all of their friends who I thought ini-

Mike Dean ragin' at the
Flashdance in Orange
County, CA. This photo was
featured on COC's album
"Animosity"



tially had funny accents. Some of them even looked kind of funny to me. I don't know why I thought that. I stayed for maybe two months and then went home. It was then that I decided to move to Raleigh. In early spring of next year, I flew out and have been here ever since. It is odd to think of how all of that had happened in the space of a few months.

So this is a book about what was happening in Raleigh North Carolina back in the eighties, and how that spilled over into nearby Chapel Hill and Durham and heck...pretty much everywhere. It was very exciting. Also, it was kind of strange, like a "gathering of tribes" sort of thing. I did all of my "growing up" in Raleigh. I came from a town where I spent a lot of time hanging out by myself doing my thing, with really only about one or two close friends that I would hang out with. When I moved to Raleigh that just wasn't the case. It was a very friendly and tight knit group of people. It was a welcoming sort of thing, and since Raleigh was small you couldn't help but get to know everybody.

I would like to touch on this one main thing that a lot of the recent memoirs and books that deal with eighties Punk Rock and hardcore always seem to gloss over; the importance of the letter writer. If you don't understand exactly what that means, it was a person that wrote letters to other people and bands all over the world. You had the bands going to places where no one had ever gone before and then you had the promoters that booked the shows. You also had the people that made the flyers, fanzines, artwork, went to the shows and so forth and so on, but the overall importance of people writing letters, getting connected and doing that networking cannot ever be underestimated. In these days of the Internet, it seems like a million years ago.

In my town back in California, I was that guy who wrote all the letters to fanzines and bands. It was a very important way to get involved. The two biggest fanzines of the time were gospels of information. Flipside and Maximumrockroll. I can't even begin to tell you how influential they were. Getting those early issues of Flipside in the summer of 1982 was like letting a genie out of a bottle. How could so much cool stuff exist? And anyone who was reading it could be a part of it if they only sought it out. Flipside printed scene reports until Maximumrockroll started, and they sort of took over the whole documentation of what was going on all around the world via scene reports. They were both bibles of information. Both publications started to print my own primitive little cartoons months before I was actually able to start going to the actual shows. Without the early effect of those magazines, it's doubtful that I'd find myself relocating to the East Coast much less even writing this book.

Anyways, here are a small handful of stories about Corrosion Of Conformity, or at least some recollections of them done by some people. This is just the tip of the iceberg. Also, it should be pointed out that there were plenty of other great bands from the area as well.

BILL MOONEY (TANNIS ROOT/KUNG FU T-SHIRT EMPIRE, RALEIGH NC): At the time I liked No Labels better. They would do poppy covers like things from Sesame Street. They would do these parts in their songs that weren't just hardcore, and COC was all just harsh noise, which became....there was a point with Eric Eycke, towards the end of the Eric Eycke period, where COC was by far my favorite band around. I mean it was so noisy. Woody would play a solo; here is where the solo would come in but it just would sound like a drunk man roaring or something. It was almost like jazz.

SCOTT WILLIAMS (DOUBLE NEGATIVE, LONGTIME RALEIGH RESIDENT): COC played for awhile with Eric and they played every weekend. They played every show and people were just sick of them. They ended up laying low and wrote some new songs, and then the Ugly Americans were scheduled to play their second or third show in Durham at the Duke Coffeehouse. It was a big show, a lot of people went. COC wasn't supposed to play but somehow someone convinced them to get onstage and play with other people's gear. They just completely blew the place apart.

The kids went nuts and the Ugly Americans just looked like suckers when they went onstage afterwards, getting up there with a fucking cello playing "Night On Redneck Mountain"....give me a fucking break.

MIKE DEAN (CORROSION OF CONFORMITY): I have only selective memories of maybe three years of touring, starting with the first big tour after Eye For An Eye came out. It was a big thrill playing at the Cathay De Grande. I had seen it advertised on Black Flag flyers and such; read about the place in Flipside magazine. So it was a big thrill to have our name on the marquee there similar to playing at places like CBGB or another place you had read about in a faraway big city.

AL QUINT (SUBURBAN VOICE FANZINE AND WEBSITE): Eric was the vocalist at the time and it was at the Paradise in Boston. I thought they kicked ass. I remember that Eric was wearing a Confederate flag around his waist and my friend was kind of put off by that but I don't recall having the same reaction. They seemed like nice, very down-to-earth guys. I interviewed them after that show. It was in issue #12 of Suburban Voice (yes, I DO save everything) and it was with Mike and Woody although Reed chipped in at the end.

Somehow, the topic turned to whether or not they'd be covering the Andy Griffith Show theme and they said that Andy had two dicks. That's a quote you don't forget about. Nor the fact that they said Opie was short for Opium.

MIKE DEAN: Eric is like a big friendly bear you know? I wasn't particularly scared of him but Reed got on his nerves a little bit and angered him a couple of times, which led to Eric jumping over the drum kit and pummeling him a couple of times during the show. We continued performing...that was certainly the beginning of the end.

I think I was hatching that plot for awhile because at the time something like that Bad Brains just seemed to me to be the ideal type of pinnacle of what we could be, and the vocals I was hearing in our band weren't really comparing to something like that. All of a sudden there were a million bands that had a macho dude that could bark like that. It wasn't really where we were coming from suddenly.

Back then, a short period of time seemed like years. When you were young it seemed like years, and you were very in tune with these insignificant trends in cultural changes, so...it seemed like an eternity when he was singing for us but it was really less than two years.

I think I had to tell him he was out of the band. Maybe it is false-memory syndrome but I seem to recall that I had to tell him that, yeah. I have a dim memory of walking away being thankful that I was in one piece.

WAYNE TAYLOR (NO LABELS, COC RIGHT HAND MAN/ROADIE): I loved Mike Dean. Everyone loved him, man. I was very influenced by him. He was a different type of person, he was like a hippie. He came from a hippie background but loved punk rock.

BILL MOONEY: Mike Dean seemed kind of inhuman at the time. He was much more startling looking to the average person on the street than someone with a Mohawk. He looked crazy. He was like a cat that would always land on his feet. He'd walk through your apartment and wind up knocking things over and he would create this total chaos and mess. If he was on a skateboard and was jumping around he might break everything around him but never be hurt himself. I remember one night on Ashe Avenue where everybody was tripping, Mike Dean just exploded into the door and I think he just went into a dumpster and made this crazy outfit out of egg cartons and whatever he could find in the dumpster and just exploded through the front door and everybody just stared at him like, "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!" It was very fitting for him, it was like an expressionist version of Mike Dean.

MIKE DEAN: We got a contract from Death Records, who put out Animosity. We contacted a lawyer at the time to look at this very interesting contract. By anyone's measure, this was an abysmal contract with onerous terms. But this guy's opinion of it was that we were so horrible and so extreme, that this was the best that we could ever hope for so he urged us to do it. He said it was alright. There hadn't been anybody released from law school yet at this time that had an appreciation for hardcore.

WILLIAM DUVAL (NEON CHRIST/BLAST!, ALICE IN CHAINS): As a three-piece, they were so fucking psychotic and set the bar so high, that everything they did afterward felt a bit conventional. I will never forget the second time they came to the Metroplex in '85. By this time, Eric Eycke had left the band and Mike and Reed were sharing vocal duties. They were playing all the Animosity material but the album wasn't out yet. They hit the stage and, first song, stepped down on "Loss For Words." My face hit the ground. It was so indescribably badass.

This was a very different band than the unsure geeks that came down in '83. In one stroke, they ascended to that rare place at the top of the mountain, where only Black Flag and the Bad Brains lived. COC were now a force of nature. Reed had replaced the eyeglasses with contact lenses, grown his hair out to a solid sheet of bone-straight blond, and was suddenly this Metal God drummer that ALL the chicks drooled over (made me sick, the bastard!!). Mike Dean had also grown out his hair into a rat's nest of gnarly dreads, looking like some crazed troll and playing like the bastard son of Geezer Butler and Chuck Dukowski. Together they created the rhythm section from Hell. Reed is the only other drummer I've ever heard who truly mastered the Earl Hudson technique of making a thrash-beat swing. Listen

to "Sailin' On" and "FVK" from the Bad Brains ROIR cassette, and then listen to "Loss For Words" and "Consumed" from COC's Animosity album.

The Bad Brains actually spent a brief spell living in the woods outside Raleigh circa '81-'82. Reed told me he used to go see them all the time and really studied Earl's playing up close. It definitely showed in COC's music. Second only to Earl himself, Reed had a swing like no other drummer in hardcore or metal. And, though a lot of other guitarists get more credit these days (Wino, St. Vitus, etc.), Woody Weatherman was the TRUE Tony Iommi of the underground. He had those Sunn Beta lead heads and that MXR Distortion Plus pedal. His would peel your skin off. I know because I spent many a gig sitting right in front of his amp. It permanently shifted my DNA. Now there's even a band called Sunn O))) . Woody was 25 years ahead of them. He, Mike and Reed were each completely unique, both in the way they played and in their personal charisma. Put them together and you had a band that was REALLY into their OWN THING.

JON WURSTER (SUPERCHUNK) : COC played later that year in Allentown, PA with DRI at some kind of rec center. They were in the middle of one of the trickier songs off of Animosity and Mike broke his bass. The way I remember it, the neck actually snapped. They stopped playing and everybody seemed very shocked that the bass had broken. There was a weird long silence as Mike changed instruments. Without a word the band launched back into the song; not at the beginning but at the exact place they had stopped. I remember thinking how strange it was because nothing was ever said between the three of them as to where they would begin the song.

COC at The Clubhouse (1985)







STEVE REED

I emerged from my 20 year long exile and arrived in Jawbone Canyon located in the wilds of the Mojave Desert and site of the infamous Flipside Desert Shows in nineties. Long gone were the hundreds of revelers who came from far and wide to see bands such as Fugazi and The Offspring. Only a handful of grizzled punk rock veterans sitting in folding chairs and sippin' suds remained. That night, Steve Reed pulled triple duty playing bass for The Probe and The Amadans (featuring Bob Lee and Jon Wahl formerly of Clawhammer) and playing drums for Carnage Asada. Frankly, there couldn't have been a 2009 desert show revival without Steve Reed. He was the glue that held the whole thing together.

If that isn't enough, Steve Reed also backs up two of the greatest women in Los Angeles punk rock – Kat Arthur and Sylvia Juncosa. Steve has been playing bass in Legal Weapon since 1991 – longer than any other bassist. Steve also fill in on bass and drums for Sylvia Juncosa and will hop in a van for a road trip on a moment's notice.

I recently chided Steve outside of the Redwood Bar about all of his bands. Steve simply shrugged his shoulders and said nonchalantly, "This is what I do."

Steve is a member of an elite fraternity of musicians such as Danny Dorman (Circle One, Agression, Dr. Know) and Sean Antillon (Circle One, Skull Control, The Gears) who plug the holes caused by the ravages of time and allow the loyal remnants to enjoy some great vintage live music. – Joe Henderson









BRADY RIFKIN

A character that runs a record business named Gatefold Records.

"The collector types are the people that want a tangible thing to hold on to the aesthetic value of a record beats a CD any day of the week."

Brady Rifkin is one of those characters who wrote for the Mount Washington California based punk fanzine named Ink Disease. Now years later he has gone on to run his home based company Gatefold Records with his partner Jody. The interview takes place at Gatefold Records in Encino California.

Hud: Are people buying records in this troubled economy?

Brady: They are buying records now more than they were ten years ago. Yes some people are hurting. The rise of vinyl sells and collectability kind of counteracted the problems of the economy, this and our sales have stayed steady because of this. We have always been a small niche in this.

HUD: How long have you been doing this?

Brady: 10 years. We have not had to work for anyone else.

Hud: Taking a look at you history with Ink Disease and the punk scene, it inspires me to see you following your passion.

Brady: I like to think that way... having you own business you have no time off. My wife and I run the business, and there are pros and cons working with your spouse, but we both love the flexibility of it too.

Hud: Where did you go after working on Ink Disease?

Brady: I went to high school with some of the guys of Ink Disease, I went on to CSUN and we spent less

time with each other. I was the DJ at KCSN at California State Northridge. A College Radio Station, I played the night Rock shift. I played more punk rock more than anything else. That is how I met Cake (Carlos A. Nunez). He called the station for a request. We started a repore over the phone.

Hud: Wasn't there a group, gang or click that met at CSUN around that time.

Brady: (laughs) The Alternative Minded People or the Loyal Order. Again that was another group I was in for a short time and then I faded out of that also

Hud: What is your average age of people who buy records and what kind of vinyl do you sell?

Brady: We really don't have that type of information. We have teenagers to older people older than us. We sell all kinds of music. I am not judgmental. I have never been a record collector but a music collector. I cater to them. I understand their mentality.

Hud: Where do you go looking for records?

Brady: You have to have relationship with people that come across large amounts of records who don't know what they got. They would prefer to have someone come make a bid for one lump price, word of mouth, on the grapevine the music industry or craigslist, putting an ad in craigslist to call. I once answered a craigslist Ad I placed it was from the Hollywood Hills. Someone was liquidating an estate and it ended up being Carol Channing record collection.

Hud: It is interesting that you and Steve Alper both started a record company. (His is Atomic Records in Burbank CA.)

Brady: He is on a different level; he has a physical store that people know about. He has a lot more stuff coming his way. Jody would never want to have a record store but I miss the interaction, talking about music, turning people on to music was instantly gratifying,, playing something there at the store and having one say, "What is that that's cool?" Steve Alper and I worked at Rhino Records together. I was there for a year or two. We had experiences together of buying and selling records together. We once went to record show together and sold records.

Contact: Gatefold Records at:
<http://www.gatefoldrecords.com/>

by Hudley

INTRODUCING:

DRAWN BY BRIAN
1984 WALSBY

THE BRADY RIFKIN "GOING TO A GIG" PRIMER

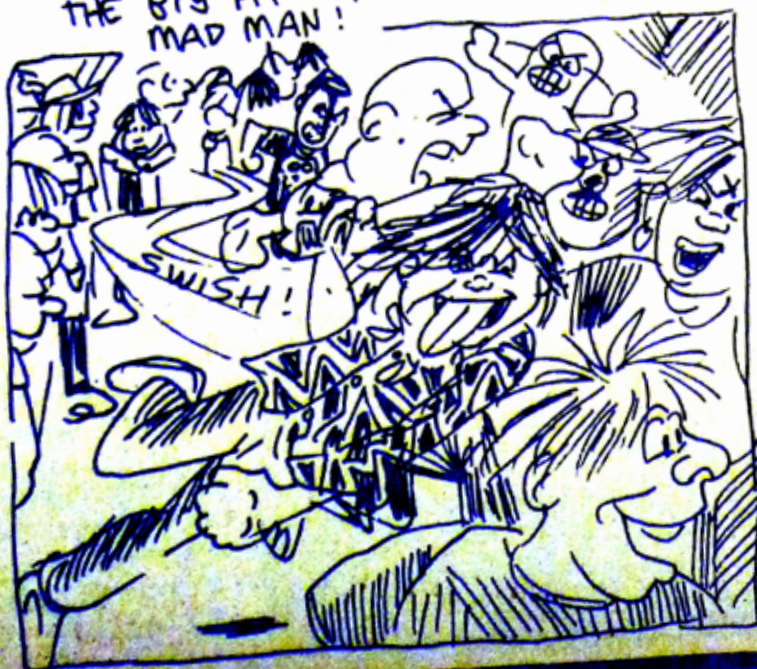
1ST STEP:
KICK BACK & ACT CALM &
REAL COOL.



2ND STEP!
MUSIC STARTS



3RD STEP: SUDDENLY RUN INTO
THE BIG PIT LIKE A POSSESSED
MAD MAN!



4th STEP: HELP THE REST OF
THE "INK DISEASE STAFF" COPY
OUT THE "SLIGHTLY HURT" BRADY.



The Scotland Yard Pub should have free Pizza every Tuesday night like the Cita Bar!!!!

Joe Doherty

June 16th 2010

Interview at La Cita Bar

Punk rock Tuesdays at the Scotland Yard in Canoga Park / and Jugehead's Revenge by Hudley

Hudley: He (Joe) was born (laughs).

Joe: The Scotland Yard had its number of DJ's but they did not have hardcore punk.

Chris Ford (Guntrafficroadio) played Soul, some Punk and Ska. Most of the people that go there are punk fans, so one night of the week there was no DJ and nothing going on. Chris and Eric (toxicologists from the 'Yard) wanted some music that they liked on Tuesdays.

Hudley: What are some of the bands that you like to play?

Joe: Mostly 70, 80, 90's punk. I like to play MDC and Uniform Choice.

Hudley: What are your favorite Punk Bands?

Joe: Black Flag, Buzzcocks... influential (incredible) for writing songs.,

Circle Jerks, and Poison Idea.

History of Bad Religion and Joe Doherty: They gave us our start with Jugehead's Revenge. I lived on the same street as Jay Bentley of Bad Religion, I was 12 or 13 when I started going to shows in 1982. I learned what punk was about, the commitment and community.

Hudley: What do you achieve from being a DJ at the 'Yard?

Joe: I don't think of myself as a DJ, I just like playing records...and tuning the audience on to something they may not know.

Hudley: What is this?

Joe: That Steve O was originally in The Vandals. They did not even know that he was in the band. On punk-rock Tuesdays it has a life of its own... it is nice to play my old vinyl in the neighborhood where I grew up,

like The Germs, The Ramones and The Stooges. When I was a teenager I liked what my peers were listening too... but I also liked this weird stuff....In 1981 I was not accepted.

Hudley: Anything else to say about the Scotland Yard experience?

Joe: Come down! I have not seen another bar that has the same kind of punk rock that I am playing... such as Wasted Youth or The Dayglow Abortions.

Jugehead's Revenge (Joe D: Vocals, Joey R: Guitar, Brian: Bass, Andy: Drums)

Joe: Lots of the bands in the early 90's all went to shows in the 80s. We were in front of the stage but in the 90's we were backstage...we still carried the good community.

Hudley: What are some shows you played that are unique?

Joe: Me and Joey started paying in '89 at the Coconut Teaser club... free beer and hot dog Sundays with 12 bands a show. Here is where we played with DI and The Vandals... (1990). One early show we played was with Green Day, NOFX at the Whiskey. Joey (Jugehead's Revenge and Black Flag fame... he dresses up as Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz), and I, to Fat Mike (NOFX), we all hung out with Green Day and slept on floors with them. They were young about 18...they really were not ever trying to be Fugazi. Another great show is when we played with the Circle Jerks and The Weirdos in Tijuana, it was amazing...! (May 8th 2010 Jugehead's Revenge played at the "City Underground" in San Francisco with the Circle Jerks, Face to Face, the Adolescents, The Ataris and La Pliebe.)

Hudley: So your band is going on tour again?

Joe: We're going on tour to Colorado in August with The Nobodies, who are amazing. In the winter we are going to Europe for three weeks starting in England, we used to travel for 3 months...

(La Cita Bar every Wednesday and Fridays has the angry hour... drinks and free pizza on the outside Patio...part of the Bermuda Triangle: La Cita Bar, the 901 Bar, and the Redwood Bar ... a fabulous scene happening now downtown Los Angeles...Check it out!!!! And maybe see a beautiful LA Derby Doll!!!)



THE STAIN'S







Mau Mau \$

The Mau Maus, Stains, Legal Weapon, and Symbol Six. At The Echo near Los Angeles, CA, A Really BIG Show!

By Hudley and Dancing John
Pictures by Billy Caldwell

The last show I saw at the Echo was a Silver Lake Festival event. Dave Markey of We Got Power Fanzine showed some of his tasty punk short/ films and Keith Morris received a Spirit of the Silver Lake Film Festival award for something or other in 2007.... We also saw the Circle Jerks rock the stage. For me it had been many many years and I lay low... but was feeling high! This show three years later opened with Symbol Six once a Posh Boy band (Eric Leach-Vocals, Mark Conway-Guitar/ Taz Rudd-lead guitar/ Donny Brook-Bass/ Phil George-Drums). The giant Symbol Six logo behind the band brought back some flash backs to an earlier time. We arrived as they were playing and enjoyed the set. Legal Weapon (Kat Arthur – vocals, Brian Hansen –guitar, Steve Reed –bass, Charlie Vartanian –percussion) went on next leaving the logo behind them. I was focused on the band and noticed one of my favorite Black Widow members in the audience staring down the bass player, both in the hot band Carnage Asada. This type of comradery, networking and support of bands is amazing to me and I dare say I cannot keep up with them because I am always on the outside as a mere fan trying to understand them. I enjoyed their performance. Kat's energy is strong and as a mature female punk like myself I can't but admire her. Next to make the night a wonder was The Stains who are fun to listen to... and over all the energy level was intense. I saw them play at a Security Productions show at The Legion a while back. (Rudolf Navarro – Vocals, Robert Becerra – Guitar, Ceasar Viscarra – Bass, Gilbert "Jack" Berumen – Drums). Last issue I reviewed the Mau Maus at the Redwood. I was standing up front near the band dancing and moving when a certain Stains member started harassing me. He was asking me why I was so hyper and who I was to be there. We started to have a verbal challenge of, "Well how early of a punk are you and who do you know?" He proceeded to show me his Stains T- shirt and told me that if I was not at The Masque I did not count as a punk... so I laughed at him, and especially to his benefit continued to dance, and he continued to be as irritating. The band is like that live too.... and I like it that way! That is how it once was. There was always a heavy nasty rebellion in the air and baby they still got it! Even if they have gotten stinking old ahahahahah. Mr. Michael R. Livingston invited us to this show so you can kick me in the behind next time ya see me. Dancing John and I went out for a Marie's street Dog before the Mau Maus and died in a world of delicious bliss...and this is the end of my review... LOOK AT ALL THOSE FUCKING GREAT PICTURES!!

Symbol Six



LEGAL WEAR



OPEN



MOTEL 6 BLUES



Installment No. 2
Edited by Kirk Dominguez
Photographs as marked

~ * * ~

Paranoia runs through me like roaches @ night - all over the fucking place.

I just don't trust nobody - I'm not even sure my mother is dead. I think she's been dodging me because she owes me a grip of cash.

Cell phones, Ha! Don't get me started on that noise.

I must go through 3 a year. How could you not? Pick one up @ Wal-Mart for 10 bux.

They'e perfect for me - really.

Except sometimes.

Like when my phones run out of time & according to the, god-sent, GPS there is no 7-11 w/in miles & miles. & you've just got to hook up w/ Dick-head about you-know-what.

Then & only then do I curse the hornet's nest in my cranium.

That's also when the treasure hunt begins.

"dood - I need a pay phone"

"just use my phone - you fucking drama queen"

"PULL OVER! There's one on the right"

Payphones are as big a part of me - as - say my boots or my records.

Some people don't get it in the least.

"a payphone? How 90's..."

Other folks faint @ the thought of touching such pedestrian commons,

"god forbid! Think of the germs..."

I say fuck the Germs!

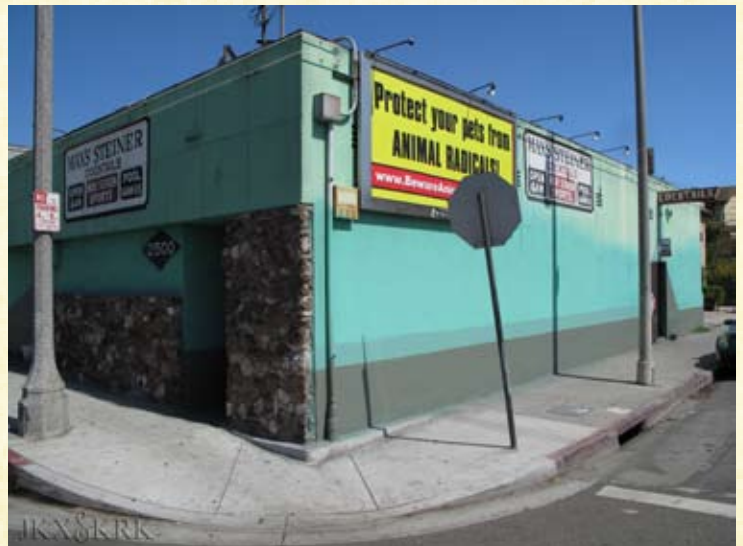
But seriously - some people are actually aghast about the bacteria that reside in such public arenas.

The pay phones I frequent are many, but few are noteworthy. Except for this one, this one phone in particular couldn't be more perfect had Dick Tracy designed it himself. Shit, come to think of it, the gargantuan phone looks real Deco (fig. ms-1).



Whatever the hell- this phone is conveniently located inside Max Steiner's (fig. ms-02) in the stinky LBC. & lemme tell ya if a telephone is supposed to bring w/ it convenience then this bitch arrived in a horse drawn carriage. Like I was telling you above, the thing is ridiculousness personified in size & design. It looks like a prop from a Three Stooges set. But, forget about all that, I sound like some fashion victim.

fig. ms-02



The actual beauty of this phone lies in the fact that it doubles as the bar's landline! That's right- it's the perfect work-line.

"reach me @ the office today- I'll be in from noon to 3"

& you can drop in a couple coins & make contact w/ Pruneface about the gear.

When I'm on the sauce & I've got work to do in the LBC you can bet your bottom dollar I'll be hanging out here w/ Bubblegum Beth- she pours a liver-assaultin' 7&7.

I took the liberties of swabbing this phone receptor (fig. ms-3) & number pad (fig. ms-4) & smearing the contaminated swabs on some freshly prepared Petri dishes. Check out the noise that popped up on this set:

fig. ms-03

fig. ms-04



But any professional will tell you: where there is 1, there is 2, so...

Another phone that is hot wired to my heart is on the corner of Walnut & Anaheim. The history behind this phone is a little closer to home. You see the corner of Walnut & Anaheim is literally less than a mile walk away from 4th & Orange, where a stench of bars reside in LBC. So when those bars used to close shop & send us drunx stumbling onto the streets, a bunch would hobble next door to Hole Mole for some after hours sobering food. & that's all pretty & polished if you needed to drive back to Orange County. But if you were a local, & a nasty local @ that, you would crawl to that Brite Spot (fig. bs-01), period.

Fig. es-01



That Brite Spot, a Mexican food restaurant, was open 24 hours w/ a pay-phone conveniently located on the corner & it was located in a barrio.

But wait, it gets better.

I am going to authenticate some LBC folklore here:

yes, it's true

this Brite Spot used to serve beer in Styrofoam cups after 2:00 AM. But, I will also clarify that this was not the norm. Matter of fact I am confident I was denied more often than not to a ratio of 6 to 3. In hindsight I can clearly see why I was wasn't allowed to suck on the nectar of the gods those times. I was proly in there, all drunk & sloppy making an ass of myself. To their credit though the few times I was in there past 2:00 AM & in

proper composure I sucked down Bohemia's in Styrofoam till all business was taken care of.

But you didn't hear none of that from me.

Where was I going w/ this?

Oh yeah, that telephone I used to score from;

it was nice to revisit it for my current social curiosity, but things have changed, changed for the worse I'm sad to relay.

For starters, the restaurant is no longer open 24 hours- so there goes that. It also changed names, but establishments of this caliber change 'ownership' frequently. That's nothing. Currently it goes by the name El Sauz (fig. es-01).

The local runners have gotten more brazen though. A sense of needless aggression was radiating from all the bald kids that bumped shoulders w/ me.

Still, to further complicate my overall appreciation of this one particular phone is the hard fact that someone has shamelessly erected a second payphone that is directly adjacent to the actual fucking restaurant (fig. es-02).

Fig. es-02



I live for gangster shit like this.

Although my personal after-hour meeting spot has been clipped of its nocturnal activities- it was still nice to see barefaced crime in abundance.

In turn this phone also gets 3 thumbs up- one from me & 2 from my imaginary partners. All three of us are going to turn away @ the results from these swabs (fig. es-03) & (fig. es-04), tell you what.

fig. es-03

fig. es-04



The last on my list of payphones that whisper my name is on the west-

side. The Fabulous West, to be exact.

While I'm not sure how- I am confident that this payphone piece has morphed into some kinda bar review & I want to apologize for that, but get used to it. I don't get paid enough to focus.

To lay it out like an Ikea rug, this place reeks of simple murder.

Herein lay the beauty of the Fabulous West (fig. fw-01). The last thing you're ever going to see in here is someone that looks like you & if you're reading this bowl-sheet I can already imagine the freak-flag you're still waving.

Sorry about that people, lost it again.

Oh yeah, the nasty payphones that I frequent.

This phone I speak of is nicely sandwiched between Tom's no. 5 World Famous Hamburgers/House of Teriyaki (depending on which entrance you use) & The Fabulous West (fig. fw-01).

fig. fw-01



If I could have one phone in ALL of LBC tapped- it would be this bitch. The people & the transactions that bloom in such an environment are truly something to behold.

If you're in need of a phone in this area @ anytime- what you're looking for sure as hell isn't a cab ride home. This phone (fig. fw-02) is solely used to radio in the following:

gear, pussy, money or muscle.

Fig. fw-02



With those prime (itive) directives in mind it's no surprise that these Petri (fig. fw-03) & (fig. fw-04) dishes look like a fuckin' Jackson Pollock.

fig. fw-03



fig. fw-04



Still, w/ all that weighing in, when I need to use this phone, I use this phone. & that boils this pot of gumbo down to the thick of it, don't it? After acknowledging the fact that all that brujeria festers in such objects, do I still handle them?

Shit- I spread E Coli on my toast for breakfast, course I'm not gonna change what isn't broken. But, I do find myself washing my hands from time to time- when that thought crosses a gamma ray.

~ * * ~

KRK Dominguez - Sierra Madre, Ca. - 6/6/10 - 6:54 PM



~ KRK

Duley's Dollop

FLIPSIDE 2010

SUMMER CONCERT SERIES PREVIEW NIGHT
MILLION KIDS JUNE RESIDENCY NIGHT #1
DIRTY ED'S TUESDAY'S @ REDWOOD BAR
WITH THE LIVINGSTONS, SYLVIA JUNCOSA
AND DE DE TROIT... STAY TUNED NEXT ISSUE FOR
COVERAGE OF THE ENTIRE SUMMER SERIES
(CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE)



DE DETROIT
Photo by Billy Caldwell



Photo by Joe Henderson

THE LIVINGSTONS
Photo by Billy Caldwell



STEVE REED and SYLVIA JUNCOSA
Photo by Joe Henderson



KIM MASTERS, JOSH CASPER of MILLION KIDS with
Punktographer JOE HENDERSON
Photo by Billy Caldwell



SYLVIA JUNCOSA
Photo by Joe Henderson



THE LIVINGSTONS
Photo by Joe Henderson



JosephBHenderson@yahoo.com

Duley's Dollop of Million Kids June 1st residency at The Redwood Bar.....

I am going to try to remember....Million Kids rocked hard as usual WITH NEW ROCK and special guest guitar Josh Casper!! This band can rock with them all.....they might be modest about it.....but they know.....Let them drink their brew.....!! And with them letting me fandango my old favorite..."Wild in the Streets" Forget it.....they're A#1.....!!

Bad Ass Syl Juncosa...wait a minute I don't think I'm in the club yet....Sylvia Juncosa...!! Got hit with some technical difficulties but still managed to rip it up with Steve Reed of the Mighty Carnage Asada and bass player Tom Hofer keeping the faith.....Sylvia Juncosa will be back at least two more times to the Flipside Shindigs at The Redwood.....she's going to be coming at ya.....!!

Punk Rock River Dancing...that's what I was doing with The Livingstones, there were some old familiar punk rock jigs....and rollicking noise.....reminded me of the old times....circa 1982 ish...? I thought I saw Hudley Flipside tapping a toe to The Livingstones.....HOLY MACKEREL!!!! You know you're strong when Hudley digs you....!!

I heard that De DeTroit was playing with a whole band.....false information....or fun rumor....or purposeful deception...who knows....I still haven't heard UXA.....and probably should know.....at least.....something....but wait a minute.....I'm sure even DDT is coming back too....with a vengeance....Karen Centerfold...you better be nice....Ha! Ha! Ha!

Remember....with is one's opinions and observations.....live.....you know memory ,.....This was quick.....more to come I hope.....extra many thanks to B.C. McGillicuddy, Mad Man McGirk.....and The Lovely Kim.....!!

Mental Memory Recognition (or a reasonable facsimile thereof):

Duley



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Flipside Fanzine Memorial **So, Why do punk rock guys go out with new wave girls?**

Robert Tappan
Ask the Descendents.

Monica Berini
Isn't my haircut really intense?

Alex Rodriguez
Because they're hotter than Punk chicks and probably have more money.

Bill Orloff
Agree with Alex....Hotter

Pete Ranga Ryan
Because they listen to Turbonegro?

Nicholas Pierce
It is rare that a girl looks good in a mohawk

Wino Stuart
Aren't the Descendants new wave?

Mariah Bear
I guess you'd have to ask my husband . . .

Dingo Feick
I don't know, I don't like it, I come from Norway!

Mark Rainey
Letter to a fanzine?

Jeff Churchill
The movie Valley Girl instilled that thinking in us.

Jeff Burgess
Because they are flattered by the attention, but they eventually get bored and go back to the Punk chicks who are much more entertaining.

Anne Johnson
Because Winona Ryder is too old now.

Damon Galindo
Tuna!

Tim Valencia
cause punk rock chicks were in high demand, not enough of them, thats why I married my new wave girl 22 years ago

Pete Kelly
Because they listen to Turbonegro!!!

Tim Valencia
my girl lied to me, my first question was, whats your favorite band, she said "cro mags" that was it , 22 years later....

Aaron Delavergne
I think I'll stay home and do homosexual activity!!!##

Chris Bailey
Because the were new to the scene and not jaded yet. Plus they had cars.

Brig Tratar
they were financially secure, which was a priority! Plus, cleaner and easier to fool.

Nick Lamagna
I did because of valley girl money

Brew Kerr
Simple economics. New Wave girls usually had more money and didn't do hard drugs... but they'd willingly fork over their money for their punk boyfriend's habits. Most punk girls would steal their boyfriend's dope and make them pay for the next score.

Don Williams
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QJYjr-vUKZM>

John Stoddard
they had cars

David Hoover
Because you don't have to share your good stuff with them????

David Salazar
The prettiest thing I've seen all year!

Mark Markymoon Smith
Great Plains was awesome!

Andrea Loeffler Barber
My husband informed me that is why is married me:). It probably helps that I also worked his bands merch booth without questioning it.

Eddie Fukui
CUZ PUNK IS DEAD. DIED IN 1979!

Steve Lerner
because all punk girls become lawyers

Mark Davess
'Isn't my haircut really intense, isn't Nick Cave a genius in a sense?' Great song.

Dave Schaller
They generally smell better than punk rock girls.

Guinevere Silva
Hyigene for sure.

Keith Morris
Because they look better than linebackers & waterboys!

Mish Bondaj
haha Steve, i'm doing a law degree..

Gus Hudson
That was more of a OC thing....

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Mark Davess

But the band that wrote the song were from Ohio. Though the song was called 'Letter to a Fanzine', so maybe the letter was to you guys.

Mark Binion

yeah gotta be the hygiene and daddy's money.

Brian Snapp

C'mon Flipside. Remeber what Kickboy (RIP) said? You remember his rant on "New Wave"? It has been burned into my brain since 1981.

It starts out, "There is no such thing as New Wave..It does not exist..." You get the gist.

Hudley Flipside

Cause punk men are pigs ;>

Dana Nutter

Better ratio.

Hudley Flipside

"..it is a lame cunts imagination" you forgot that.. ;>

Jula Bell

We always wondered why hardcore punk dudes went out with lame beach blonde mall chicks. They were not even cool enough to be new wave, let alone punk.

Hudley Flipside

"Cool"...<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wuVtij67Wag>. the element of COOL ruined what punk is...

Hudley Flipside

In every uncool valley girl with bleached Blondy hair and beauty there is a alien waiting to come out... once she is fucked by a real punk man ;>

Hudley Flipside

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sw3pLY9RrPQ>

Jula Bell

Hudley- Let's not forget---<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=drNWjF7N3Rs&NR=1>

Hudley Flipside

;>...

Michael Marifern

Cuz no punk dude could ever date a chick w/a cooler record collection than his own!

Buster Cates

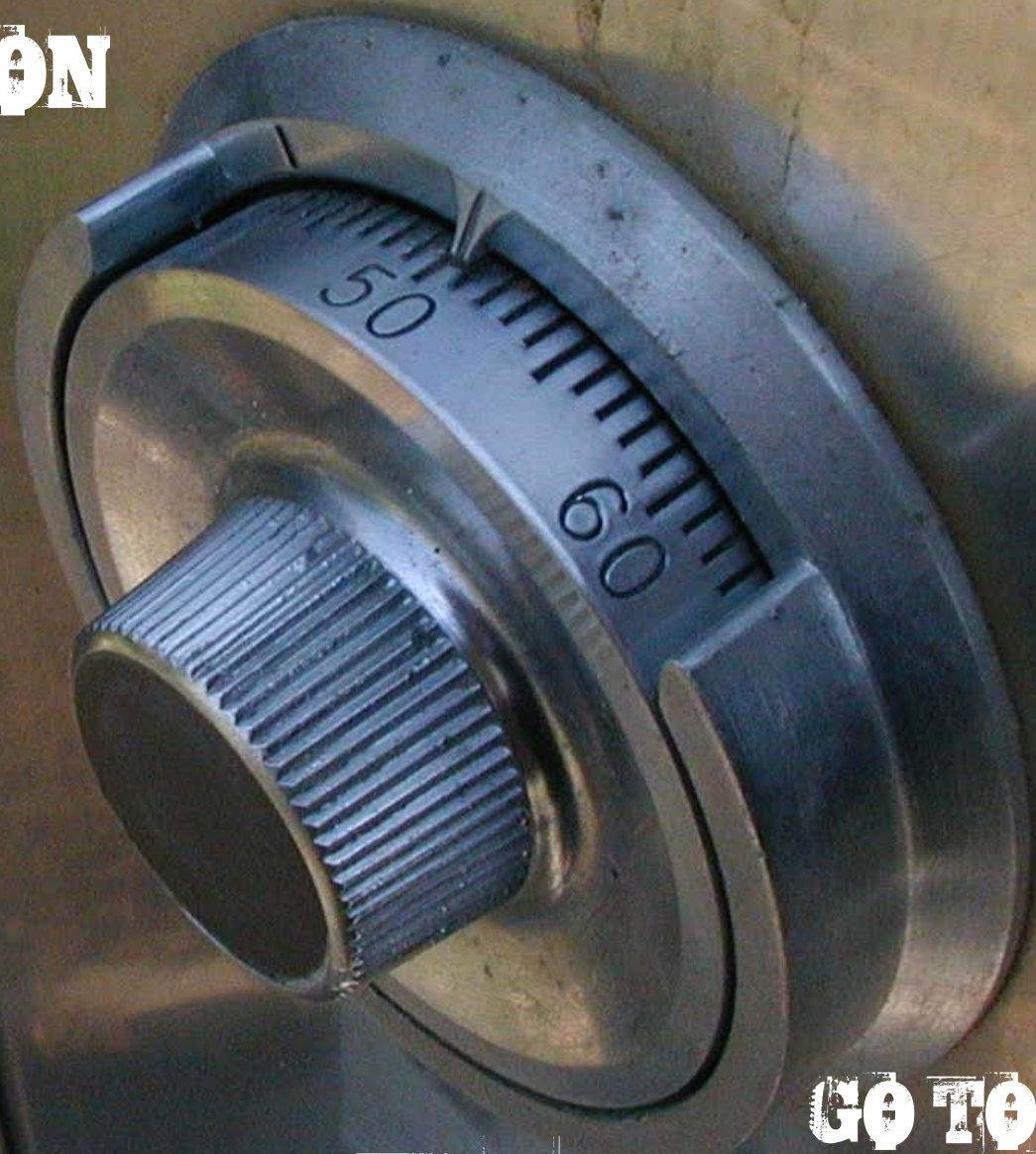
Cuzz newwave chicks shop at Broadway!



click here to go to
the flipside fanzine
memorial page
on facebook

CULTURAL ENABLER VIDEO VAULT

with
GUS HUDSON



GO TO:
www.F-LIPSDIE2010.com

Be More Than A Witness